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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

ANTICIPATION

I have been temperate always,  
But I am like to be very drunk  
With your coming.  
There have been times  
I feared to walk down the street  
Lest I should reel with the wine of you,  
And jerk against my neighbors  
As they go by.  
I am parched now, and my tongue is horrible in my mouth,  
But my brain is noisy  
With the clash and gurgle of filling wine-cups.

A GIFT

See! I give myself to you, Beloved!  
My words are little jars  
For you to take and put upon a shelf.  
Their shapes are quaint and beautiful,  
And they have many pleasant colors and lustres  
To recommend them.  
Also the scent from them fills the room  
With sweetness of flowers and crushed grasses.

When I shall have given you the last one  
You will have the whole of me,  
But I shall be dead.